



T H E

Dawn of Hope.

A New S O N G

Sung in the Publick Gardens

A Dawn of Hope my soul rev-*ves*,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him ye Gods your Care,
 Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove,
 O send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.
 And guide, &c.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,
 While courteous echoe lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.
 When sudden Damon's well known face,
 Each rising fear disarm'd ;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.
 She sinks, &c.

